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# THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

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NO. 27.

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need a powerful nourishment in food when nursing babies or they are apt to suffer from Emaciation.

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites of lime and soda, nourishes mothers speedily back to health and makes their babies fat and chubby. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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## THE TEACHER'S DREAM.

[BY W. H. VENABLE.]

The weary teacher sat alone

While twilight gathered on;

Another round was heard around—

The boys and girls are gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,

Unnerved and pale was he;

Bowed 'neath a yoke of care he spoke

In sad soliloquy.

Another round, another round

Of labor thrown away,

Another chain of toil and pain

Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,

Love's sacrifice is lost.

The hopes of morn, so golden, turn

Each evening into dross.

"I squander on a barren field

My strength my life, my all;

The seeds I sow will never grow,

They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands

His aching brow he pressed;

And o'er his frame ere long there came

A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,

But started back again—

The room by strange and sudden

change.

Assumed proportions vast

It seemed a Senate Hall, and one

Addressed a listening throng;

Each burning word all bosoms stirred,

Applause rose loud and long.

The "wondered teacher thought he knew

The speaker's voice and look,

"And for his name," said he, "the

same

Is in my record book."

The stately Senate Hall dissolved,

A church rose in its place.

Wherein stood a man of God,

Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone

And though his hair was gray,

The teacher's thought was strangely

wrought:

"Whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished

soon;

What saw the teacher then?

In classic gloom of alcove room

An author plied his pen.

"My idliest lad," the teacher said,

Filled with a new surprise—

"Shall I behold his name enrolled

Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home

The teacher now descried;

A mother's face illumined the place,

Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!

This matron, well I know,

Was but a wild and careless child.

Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks

Of duty's golden rule,

Her lips repeat in accents sweet,

My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again and lo,

The school-house, rude and old;

Upon the wall did darkness fall,

The evening air was cold.

"A dream! the sleeper, waking said,

Then paced along the floor,

And, whistled slow and soft and low,

He locked the school-house door.

And walking home, his heart was full

Of peace and trust and praise;

And singing slow and soft and low,

Said, "After many days."

## HANDLING THE STUFF.

A Traveler's Experience on a Penn-

sylvania Railroad.

He Found Dynamite Cartridges in the

Smoking Car—What Happened to

a Miner Who Stumbled

and Fell.

I was winding in and out among

the hills of Pennsylvania on a rail-

road train when seized with a de-

sire to smoke. The smoking car

was an ordinary one, and about

half-filled with men in blouse and

overalls, smoking clay pipes. When

I selected a seat I found a leather

bag on the floor and gently kicked

it out of the way. It moved in a

grudging way and I sat down and

put my feet on it. I had smoked

my cigar about half up when one of

the miners, having finished his pipe,

knocked the ashes out, lounged over

to me, and said:

"I wouldn't bear down too hard

on the stuff, mister."

"Oh! the bag?"

"Yes! I wouldn't kick around too

heavy on it."

"Got some tools in there you are

afraid may get broken, eh?"

"We call it dynamite, sir!"

"Great Scott, man, but you don't

mean to say—"

"Yes, it's dynamite," he quietly

observed, as he sat down beside me

and reached for the bag. "I sup-

pose you've seen it put up in car-

tridges before now? You know how

we use 'em? I believe they estimate

that each of these ten cartridges has

the force of—"

"Don't take them out!" I yelled,

shouting as far away from him as

possible.

"Of course, sir, but there is no oc-

casional alarm. I've been handling

dynamite in all shapes and forms for

the last fifteen years and never had

an accident. You must have con-

ceded to explode one of these, sir,

and who's going to tap this one with

a hammer, or fire it out of the win-

dow against a rock?"

"But be careful not to drop it on

the floor. Ugh! Is there any more

of the stuff in this car?"

"Quite a tidy bit of it, sir.

There's twelve men of us, and I

guess we could scare up about a

hundred cartridges like these if you

wanted to see them."

"Not! Not! I'll be thankful enough

if I get clear of your ten without be-

ing blown through the roof. How

much rock, for instance, would one

of these cartridges bring down?"

"How much rock? Well, that

would be according to the lay of

things. If it was a cliff, with a

goodly overhang to it, and this car-

tridge was placed just right, the

downfall would be enough to build a

fine, large warehouse with a few

carloads of small pieces left over for

making pavement. If it was slumb-

ing up and down with no incline or

crevice, and the stone was hard

and tough, a few pieces weighing

200 pounds or so would be all you

could reasonably expect. It's beau-

tiful stuff, sir, beautiful, and the

man who invented it was a genius."

"But you are digging your own

heels into that bag?" I shouted, as

he moved his hob-nailed boots

around without the slightest care.

"Go I was, sir, but as long as

there was no explosion no harm has

been done. It's again the law to

throw dynamite cartridges from a

car window or I'd give you an ex-

hibition worth seeing. The good

old days seem to have passed away."

"What do you mean by the good

old days?"

"Why, the time when one could

fling one of these things out of the

window and make a hole in a ledge

large enough for the den of a

beaver. What brought out a law

against it was the mistake made by a

near-sighted man. He threw a

cartridge at a ledge which he sup-

posed was all of thirty feet away,

while it wasn't actually over eight.

The result was that a piece of rock

weighing one hundred pounds

struck the first passenger coach,

smashed its way in, and I believe a

man and his wife were killed. They

had been in jail for a year, and

everybody cursed his eyes instead of

feeling sorry that they had deceived

him. That's why they passed the

law, sir, and I'm afraid the good

old days will never return. This

can no longer be called the land of

liberty."